# The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon TELEPHONES. rial Rooms....186 | Business Of REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Mail (posinge prepaid), in Advance , with Sunday, per month. , Sunday excepted, per year. , with Sunday, per year. Weekly, per year Weekly, per year Weekly, 5 months..... To Chy Subscribers—Daily, per week chibered, Sundays excepted 15c Daily, per week delivered, Sundays included 30c POSTAGE SATES.

United States, Canada and Mexicos 15 to 16-rage paper 10 to 16-rage paper 10 for 15c page paper 5c Poreign rates double.

Puget Sound Bureau-Captain A. Thompson, fice at 1111 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. Box 565,

tern Business Office-The Tribune build-New Tork City; "The Rockery," Chicago; the E.C. Beckwith special agency, New York.
For sails in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper, 766 Market street, near the Palson hotel, and at Goldsmith Stree, 256 Sutter street.
For sails in Chicago by the P. C. News Co., 217 Descriptor street.

TODAT'S WEATHER -- Fair and probably

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19,

## THE CASE SIMPLY STATED. Attempting to reply to a statement that appeared in The Oregonian, the

Dugene Guard says:

Bugene Guard says:

Let us call attention to some indisputable facts: The Filiption had driven the Spaniards to rature in Filiption had driven the Spaniards to rature in Mantia, and when Dewoy destroyed the Spanish fact before that city and obtained the surredner of the forts thereabout Spanish control and power in the Islands came to an end. Examine the Filiptine title:

Function of the land of their birth, gained by a successful appeal to arms. Read the Immortal Declaration of Independence, then ask your conscience if we should hold those alten pairiots—alten both as to strains of blood and country—as subjects and wassels? untry—so subjects and vasuals?

We have faith that the conscience of the people of this great Republic will not allow them to commit this great wrong—this breach of faith with former ailles

First, let us say that the facts stated are not indisputable. They are not facts at all. They are not truth, but fictions to truth opposite. The Guard of course never has paid any attention to the report of the Philippine Commisslon. It never has examined the statements of Admiral Dewey, Colonel Denby, Dr. Worcester, or any authority that could give information at first hand. It takes its knowledge from parutterances, prepared and arranged for the purposes of a political campaign against the bogy of "imperialism," just as hitherto it has taken its economic knowledge from the partisan philosophy of sixteen-to-one. Now here are facts:

There was no war in the Philippines when Dewey came. There had been an insurrection-not for independence, but for reforms. Spain overcame the rebelon, partly by fighting, partly by promising the reforms, and partly by brib-ing Aguinaido and other leading "patriots," with heavy sums of money, to have the islands. War broke out be-tween Spain and the United States. business was to attack Manils and destroy the Spanish fleet lying there. Then he needed a land force to aid in holding the port, and Aguinaido applied for permission to come over and help in the organization of a native militia. In making this request Aguinaldo did not ask for independence. He was to be under Dewey's direction. But he soon began to poison the minds of the natives against the United States and when he had got a considerable quantity of arms, and saw that Spanish vereignty was at an end, he proclaimed himself dictator and prepared to fight the forces of the United States When he thought the opportune moment had come, he attacked our troops. This, in brief, is the whole matter.

was perfectly allowable, entirely within the usages of war, for Dewey to arm the natives to fight the Spaniards. But that did not commit the United States to any promise of independence We had taken the country precisely as we took California, And in fact, the Filipinos rendered us no from the United States, who did the land fighting. The natives were as poor soldiers in the employ of the United States as they have since been as enemies of the United States, Not only did they not "gain possession of the land of their birth by a successful appeal to arms," but they had proved utterly incapable of doing it, and long before the Americans came they had desisted from the attempt and Aguinaldo had left the islands to enjoy the bribe the Spaniards had promised him.

Here are the leading facts. It is a of simple rebellion. The title of the United States is as good as any we have to acquired territory. Whether we shall stay or quit is an other question. And that includes the question on the one hand whether it is good policy to stay, and on the other whether we shall be ruled by courage or by cowardice. We have the right political and moral, before the whole world, to stay, and it has not been the habit of this people to flunk, in their undertakings. No white feather party has ever been in favor with the people of the United States.

# TWO SEPARATE SPHERES.

Human achievement, like everything else in the world, is beset by many snares of chance and circumstance Some accident of heredity, or early environment, or early reading, may make or mar the career of the phenomenal mind. The output of a man born and reared in the depths of London will be different from the output of a similarly constituted man formed under Italian skies by the beauty and traditions of Grant had been prosperous in 1861 instead of looking for a place, if Bur-from squeaking, pale, attenuated ses-chard had missed the Blaine dinner, if theres in art, life and literature. has been a success in many ways, but poetry than the realism of an autopsy. It is going to fall, probably, in one important sense, and the seriousness of strokes pictures powerful in their sim-

the failure can only be apprehended correctly in full view of the magnitude of his undertaking.

The nineteenth century has witnesse only one mind comparable in greatness with the mind of Herbert Spencer, and that was the mind of Napoleon Bonaparte. In each of them lofty compreiension, fron will and capacity for de tails is seen on a plane far above the levels at which ordinary he man nature is forced to toil. Such a mind was Shakespears's; such Lord Bacon's; such, in its peculiar sphere, was Burke's. Such, among the ancients was Aristotle. In Napoleon and in Herbert Spencer we see our poor mortal faculties lifted into regions almost miraculous. There we find, if ever, accurate use of such terms as inspired vision, superhuman energy, infinite capacity. Mr. Spencer can sit down with a group of specialists, one in botany, one in comparative anatomy, one in chemistry, and so on, and when the conference is over each will have found that in the study to which he has devoted his life-work his knowledge is inferior to that of Mr. Spencer. whole field of science, history, literature and politics contributes to his synthetic philosophy. His appeal is addressed to so heterogenous an audience that he is frequently embarrassed through inability of his readers to understand him. The man of letters lacks the scientific spirit, the specialist lacks the breadth of view.

Here is a man, therefore, that ha brought all knowledge into his purview and corrected a multitude of errors in every department of investigation. He has demonstrated the unity of knowledge, one of the most momentous facts of all time, and he has set limitations to both scientific and religious ambitions which succeeding generations, however much they chafe at, shall not cross. Where, then, does he fall? Mr Spencer's philosophy fails because it persists in ignoring the religious sentiment as founded in truth and in seeking to explain the soul in terms of physical science. He offers to religion the empty formula that the source of all things is inscrutable, but the offer is unscientific because it can never satisfy the demand it proposes to satisfy. Mr. Spencer was once asked, with others, to name some hymn that had helped him. He could recall none. A source of solace and help to myriads was to him valueless, because he lacked the elements to which it appealed. Light falls uselessly on the blind, and so the voice of religious meditation falls useessly upon the soul that is destitute of the religious instinct.

The man who imagines that when he has demonstrated the inapplicability of religion in the domain of physical fact he has overthrown it utterly, is no more sound than the churchman who seeks to demonstrate the applicability of religious sentiment and feeling to the world of physical fact. We smile at the enthusiast who appeals to the ecstasy of faith as sufficient reason for disbelief in the conclusions of our senses, and we are right. But the scientist is equally at fault who offers to bring us our religion from the laboratory. Man feels in some way, obscure but persistent, a relationship to the Author r of all things, a duty of obedience to the universal scheme and sense of nearness to the unseen world, He cannot employ this emotion success fully to overthrow the facts of physical science, nor can the facts of physical science be successfully employed to eradicate that emotion. They who imagine that religion is a humbug and that all its devotees are charlatans, are quite as ridiculous in their way as the old fellows who believed chemistry and music to be inventions of the Evil One. If Mr. Spencer could convert the world to his way of thinking, there would be no place in it for such reflections as are printed elsewhere on this page un der the heading, "The Great Inquiry."

THE PERMANENT IN LITERATURE. On the whole, it looks as though Matthew Arnold had but grasped half the truth when Arnold had but grasped hair the truth when he said that Byron and Wordsworth would head the procession of nineteenth century English poets into the "mist and hum" of the twentieth century. It may be Shelley and Byron; it may be Byron and Keats; it may be Byron and Coleridge. But, whoever the one, the other will certainly be Byron. So far as Byron is concerned, Mr

lapses in grammar and other defects which make it impossible to rank him as a poet's poet, nevertheless Byron had much of that exhaustless sincerity and strength that make a permanent mark in literature. His best verse is distinguished by energy, condensation, elo quence, wit, pathos, and he excelled all the poets of his century in description and meditation. Macaulay points out that "what Wordsworth said like a world, with more perspiculty, energy and conciseness." Cultivated men of outdoor life and conspicuous mental virility always have Byron at their tongue's end, because he is pre-eminently the poet of strenuous life. The time will never come when Byron will cease to be read by cultivated men of worldly action and endeavor as separated from the purely contemplative, delicate quality. Homer's great characters are always human and always heroic, though not romantic. Shakespeare's great figures are at once hunan, heroic and romantic, as Othello and Hamlet among his men and Imogen among his women. Shakespeare's great women are all human, heroic and ronantic, for even Lady Macbeth is heroic, even as Milton's Satan is heroic, and she is in her way as romantic as eyes on his voyage on the Beagle de- Juliet, for she flung away her soul to make her husband King. Now, while means to mankind. If Cromwell had there is a long distance between Byron to America with his Puritan and the great poets of the first rank, neighbors, as legend says he planned to nevertheless he holds a high place and do, how different might England's his- will always hold it among those writers tory have been and America's! If of genius who stand for the permanent Keats had had strong lungs, if Por in literature, with all people whose had not been spoiled in childhood, if world is peopled with fiesh and blood, thinking men and women in distinction

Dewey hadn't cut the cable—we should Byron's best work fairly stands for have been living today in an entirely the permanent in the literature of hudifferent world. If, then, fortuity can man nature. He does not in his wildest effect so much in human destiny, what work drop to naturalism, the grim risks does great achievement not run of nightside, the poisonous deadly night-being wrecked or marred by a vital shade, the typhold-breeding night soil ses in the foundation upon which of nature. Byron's genius, with all his the individual has reared the fabric of imputed morbidity, was intensely manhis life-work? These reflections are in- ly in its quality. It rose to terror; it duced by contemplation of the career dropped to mirth, but it never sank to of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose "First the level of painting the repulsive hab-Principles," amended, are announced its, mannerisms and contortious of im-simultaneously with "Spencer and becile, chattering and grinning human Spencerism," by a learned and enthu- apes. He had no taint of that so-called slastic follower. Mr. Spencer's career naturalism that has no more place in

plicity; he had a natural hate of prolixity in speech or articulation in art. Grant that Byron exhibited only one man and only one woman; neverthe less he could always make them speak with vast sincerity and strength. There is a long distance between Shakespeare's Richard III, his Ingo, his Othello, his Timon and any of Byron's best work; and yet after Shakespeare and Milton it is probable that Byron has more of the vitality of permanent literature in his work than any other English poet. He is not a great artist; he is not a man of dramatic genius, but for sincerity and strength of voice that appeals powerfully to the largest number of men of vigorous minds and clear understanding Byron is easily the

most vital poet of our century.

It was Carlyle that half in jest and half in earnest replied to the question whether Jesus Christ was not a greater man than Shakespeare: "Jesus was a very great man; but Falstaff was not in him." Falstaff, the top Shakespeare's humorous invention, is immortal because his humor rests on the broad lines of human nature. He delighted Queen Elizabeth beyond measure, but not more than he continues to delight England of Victoria's day; he has delighted all the reading world of England from the days of Bacon down to our own day. He stands for the permanent in literature, even as does Cervantes. Rabelals. Scott and Thackeray. Carlyle's refusal to set Jesus Christ higher in the ranks of human greatness than Shakespeare because "Faistaff was not in him" was his quaint way of saying that Shakespeare stood at the top of the permanent in literature, and that, because he did,

he was earth's greatest man. To this extent, that Byron is and promises to continue to be the vital poet of our century. Mr. Henley is right in placing him, with all his defects, above Tennyson and Browning, for he is a world's poet, not a poet's poet. He is not a great artist in poetry, like Tennyson, but he is the eloquent, vibrant voice of the men of strenuous life in war and business and politics that are always reached by a man at once of vast sincerity and strength. The great thinkers and writers of Ger many, France and Italy take off their hats to Byron's genius, but they do not think at all about Tennyson or Browning. The reason is that in reading Byron's best work it is so surcharged with his powerful personality of sincerity and strength that we both see and hear "the man behind the The energy of his manner, the vigor of his note, implies that its author was not only a great poet, but a bold and daring man, a strong swimmer, a resolute pugilist, a cool fencer a deepwater sailor and an heroic soldier, a man of intense virility, vivacity, versatility, in peace or war.

## WHAT NEXT?

The immediate purpose of the "rush" expedition to Pekin has been attained by the relief of the beleaguered Legations, and the natural query is, What will the allies do next? So far as the United States is concerned, our Government has already made it plain that, after the liberation of the foreign envoys, it will have no subject of debate with the Chinese Government beyond the amount of the pecuniary indemnity to be paid, and beyond the assurance to be given against the reperpetration of such outrages. Such assurance would, of course, not be complete with-out the punishment of the guilty plotters and executives of these gross Our Government has never wrongs. held that a state of war exists between us and China, and will settle by diplomacy all questions arising between it and the Pekin Government. Our Government, if punishment of the gulity should be refused, or if its demand that the government at Pekin should be antee for the future the safety of forron's heroines he says they are not so force its ultimatum again by force of Porto Rico or Hawail; but these regi-United States not only refused to fire its diplomatic influence the further military humiliation of China or further reduction of the territorial authority of the Chinese Empire. Great Britain is sure to support the United States and Henley is right, for, despite Byron's Japan in their determination to prevent, as far as possible, by their dip lomatic influence, any further extertion

of territory from China. The behavior of Russia and Germany both at present and in the past, fore shadows an attempt to crush utterly the military strength of China and to extort further cession of territory. The sending of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee to the command of the German forces in China is a significant recluse Byron said like a man of the fact. He is not only a soldier, but a statesman of high rank, and it is believed that he goes to China really as the representative of the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy; and it is not improbable that Germany has a secret understanding with Russia and thereby with France. The number of soldiers thus far ordered from Germany to China will not exceed altogether 30. 000 men, an army large enough, to gether with the forces of Russia and France, to execute the implied purpose of these powers of the further military humiliation and territorial mutilation of China;

The United States, Japan and Great Britain will cheerfully join with these powers in demanding that guilty officlais be punished, that the safety of foreigners for the future must be assured by placing Chinese administration on a new basis; that the Viceroya who have observed treaty rights shall be protected, and that new Viceroys shall replace those who have aided, abetted or submitted to the mob. Th United States, with England and Japan, is concerned in the reorganization of Chinese administration in the interest of order at home and freedom of trade abroad; but it will not go beyond this and permit Russia, Germany and France to work the wanton further destruction of China's military strength and territorial integrity. These powers will not permit this to be done because to permit it would mean the slamming of the "open door" in their faces, to be bolted and barred against them in the matter of freedom of trade; and furthermore, our Government cannot afford to permit the execution of a policy that would be sure to set not only the northern provinces, but all China aflame with war; war that would last many years; war that would be an economic curse to all parties, and a gigantic commercial blunder.

The German press announces that vide for the permanent occupation of dinance"?

the most important Chinese centers until the powers are completely reim-bursed for the expenses of the war." Of course, such permanent occupation would soon mean the partition of Chins. which it is shrewdly suspected is Ger many's fundamental aim. Germany's arbitrary seizure of the Bay of Kiao Chou and the adjoining district is at the bottom of the present troubles This act, ostensibly provoked by the murder of two obscure German mission aries, furnished the pretext for the suc cessive mutilations of Chinese territory at the hands of Russia, Great Britain and France, and it is probable that Germany, for the murder of her Minister in Pekin, means to insist upon the cession of further territory as the only acceptable reparation. Russia has already shown by her recent absolute annexation of the Chinese port of New Chwang, and her suspiciously exclusive ontrol of the Tien Tsin railway, that she proposes to make the present difficulty of China her opportunity permanently to occupy more territory, France will be sure to approve the pol icy of Russia. This is the present pur pose of Germany, Russia and France, but it cannot possibly succeed in face of the moral opposition of the United States, joined to the military and naval power of Great Britain and Japan. The united naval strength of Great Britain and Japan, backed by Japan's admira ble army of 175,000 men, could dispossess Russia and Germany of every port they hold in China today, and fortify them against recapture long before the soldiers of Germany and Russia and the ships of France could come to the rescue. But when we remember that behind the disciplined army and navy of Great Britain and Japan would be reorganized, disciplined, armed and embattled the millions of China under English officers of the Gordon quality, we see how utterly hopeless would be any attempt of the Continental powers of Europe to forcibly execute any further mutilation of China that Great Britain and Japan refused to permit, The ships of England and Japan are on the ground. The soldiers of Japan are near at hand, and England could send 100,000 seasoned veterans from Durban to Tien Tsin long before the armies of the Czar and Kaiser could arrive. Fi nally, the cost of such a war would be too enormous for Russia or France to undertake.

The Tillamook Herald says: "The Oregonian's opposition to McKinley is the result of pique. Mr. Scott was no allowed to dictate the Administration's patronage in this state. And that's al there is of it." This is as silly as false and false as silly. Mr. Scott neither attempted nor desired to "dictate the Administration's patronage in this state." He neither urged nor named any man for any office, or any office for any man. If he ever signed a request for "patronage" for any man, it was done in connection with others, be cause the paper was brought to him. This is one kind of thing he never liked, as all know who have tried to get his name. Wanting no office for himself, not even the highest the state or the President could bestow, he has not been agonizing to get place and patronage for others. But, with a mixture of amusement and disgust, he has often noted how the little organs and little politicians dwell on "office" and "patronage" as the chief good and fina. hope of man. The remark of the little fellow at Tillamook discovers another or 'em. If he hasn't the Postoffice already he ought to have it.

The law that gives officers and men erving in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines extra pay takes it away from them when they reach Chinese territory. The heat endured by the Ninth and Fourteenth regular infantry in the march from Tien Tsin to Pekin is described as more severe than placed in hands strong enough to guar- the heat of the Philippines, and the hardships otherwise encountered are The English critic, Henley, speaks a eign envoys should be treated with not less than fall to the lot of the solword of truth when in defense of By contempt, might be compelled to endier in the climate of Luzon, Cuba, remote from reality or less interesting than Tennyson's "faintly smiling Adeline," or his "May Queen," with her consumptive cough, and further says:

In the destruction of its military power, in the destruction of its military power, in the destruction of its military power. or in the partition of its empire. The possessions where American troops were serving and to which extra pay on the Taku forts, but it has since was confined. The just compensation pledged itself with Japan to oppose by of soldiers and officers could have been secured to them while they were doing arduous and dangerous duty in China through a simple and general phrase ology of law.

> If it be true that certain European have selected to narchists President McKinley, nothing but eternal vigilance on part of our secret de tective service will save him from the fate of the late King Humbert, of Italy. An anarchist can reach the person of the Czar of Russia, in spite of the bayonets by which he is surrounded, because the anarchist takes no thought as to how he shall escape. He takes his life in his hands, expecting to sacrifice it to accomplish his purpose. If the Czar of Russia, the President of the French Republic and the Kaiser of Germany are not safe against the pistols or bombs of anarchists, certainly our President is not more secure, if it be true that he has been doomed to death by the international brotherhood of assassins.

> Congress ought to re-enact the law of June 17, 1850, by virtue of which the President was authorized, whenever exigencies of the service required it, to increase the enlisted strength of co panies "serving at the several military posts on the Western frontier and at remote and distant stations," and under that law the Army in 1860 was augmented by 5098, making the total 18,122, Whatever may be the permanent increase of the Army, it is sound public policy that the President shall be afforded the power to augment the strength of the Army, in the language of the law of 1850, "whenever the exigencies of the service require it." With such a privilege the President would not be forced to call an extra session of Congress to meet sudden and grave emergencies.

The British action in Shanghai is purely precautionary. Whatever else may happen elsewhere, England is determined to keep the Yangtse Valley open to the world's trade. If this can be done by maintenance of Chinese authority unimpaired, so much the better: if not, the British will step into the breach, for England is always perfeetly prepared to fight for her own hand in the Yangtse Valley.

"In those days there went out a de cree from Caesar that all the world should be taxed." Need we remind our beloved readers in Portland that this is Holy Scripture? Then why are they "Count Waldersee's instructions pro- making a roar about the "blanket orSLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Liberty Congress. ty, fair liberty, you're in sade hands at last; days when you were languishing are happily all past. negrees has assembled to extend your bleasings o'er inlands where the countbal enjoys his

meals once more, right to stab and carve and spear shall be no more assailed.

The wielder of bolo knife shall not be hanged

man and the Zulu chief shall both be great and free; claimed throughout the sarth's domains is giorious liberty!

O libertyl fely libertyl the burgler's beetling Shall never frown again, because he'll know your blessings now.

The crook and she the bunce-man, shall ply
their worthy trade,
Untrammeled by oppressive law, unharmed and

unafraid; And Aguinaldo, noble chief, shall bid his min-

ions kill
The alten white men in his isle or torture
them at will.
No more subdued by government his from
pride shall be,
He'll walk erect-mark, walk, not run-in
glorious liberty.

O liberty! fair liberty! thy coaring spirit shames
The coward Shertiff and his men who hunted
Jesse James. Jesse James. The marryr anarchists who wield the freeing dynamite,

And blow the palaces of Kings and Princes out of sight.
Shall no more know the felou's cell; shall no more be oppressed.
By that most haunting, craven fear, the terrer of arrest.
When this great congress' work is done, allks shall all men he:

shall all men be; They'll kill and steal where'er they please in glorious liberty. Beware of Kings. "Kings bring us ruin," said the an-

"That's right," replied his fellow-traveler. "I lost my pile on three of only yesterday." Our Means of Defense.

So that those who run may hear, And the phonograph now shouts them, Just like Willie, loud and clear. Still we're not left quite defensele For they're just engraved on wax, And, unlike the man who spoke them, Can be silenced with an ax.

They have bottled Bryan's speeches,

Advice. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, ch, sea, And when you're broke just go and coak, Full many a gem—like me.

Not in Portland With elephants and estriches, And three big glittering rings, With emus and camelopants, And other curious things; With many grand and beautiful, And wild and wondrous sights, And wild and wondrous signed, With dinky little ponies, and With ladies dressed in tights, The circus which was bound this ' Although it may seem queer, Despite the flaring bills we'll have No show at all this year.

To Fido, Rover, et al. All you long and narrow dachshunds; all you bulldogs low and square; All you wire-legged greyhounds, with a breast that cleaves the air;

you small and woolly poodles; all you pugs with smoky face, ere is mighty trouble brewing for the whole great canine race; had best get up and travel-mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,

For it's going to cost three dollars just to have cost them heretofore, And you'll find out to your serrow, they'll not stand for any more.

Is there any dog among you that begins to earn his keep? Is there any dog that's willing to do more than eat and sleep? Then get ready for a sojourn in the dark and gloomy pound.

For it's going to cost three dollars just to have a dog around. Oh, you bell-tongued night-disturbers, who are wont to hay the moon,
Keeping us awake at midnight with your wierd, uncanny tune,

will glory in the future when not one of you is found, And we'll give up no three dollars just to have a dog around.

When we hear the warning cry,
In the low swamps of the jungle,
Of the hippopotami,
But of all the sportsman's pleasure,
There is nothing like the spell, Of a morning by the seashore

### Commerce Akin to Religion. Ainslee's Magazine

When the clams are biting well.

J. J. MONTAGUE

In the three branches of religion, education and medicine, who can deny that the Christian missionaries have not al-ready conferred benefits upon the Chinese heyond all calculation! But they have done more. They have helped to awaken China from her lethargy and to start her stagnant ideas into motion. Our civil engineers are surveying the vast territory of China for projected rail-ways; but they are being alded by information furnished the pioneer mis-sionaries. Our merchants are closely following the missionary routes to open up lucrative trade. The flag of commerce always follows close behind the banner of the cross, and he who would check

THE GREAT INQUIRY.

"We have not only to ac

its persistency in the cultivated. A sufficient explanation of this may perhaps be found in the small limits of man's certain knowledge and the boundlessness of his desire to know. Human existence is girt around with mystery; the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea, which at nce awes our feelings and stimulates our imagination by its vastness and obscurity. To add to the mystery, the domain of our earthly existence is not only an sland in infinite space, but also in infinite time. The past and the future are alike shrouded from us; we neither know the origin of anything which is, nor its final destination. If we feel deeply interested in knowing that there are myriads of worlds at an immeasureable, and to our faculties inconceivable, distance from us in space; if we are eager to discover what little we can about these worlds, and when we cannot know what they are can never satiste ourselves with speculating on what they may be; is it not a matter of far deeper interest to us to learn, or even to conjecture, from whence came this nearer world which we inhabit? What cause or agency made it? What it is, and on what powers depend its future fate? Who would not desire this more ardently than any other conceivable knowledge, so long as there appeared the slightest hope of attaining it? What would not one give for any credible tidings from that mysterious region and glimpse into it which might enable us to see the smallest light through its darkness, especially any theory of it which we could believe, and which represented it as tenanted by a benignant and not a hostile influence? But since we are able to penetrate into that region with the imagination only, assisted by specious but inconclusive analogies derived from human agency and design, imagination is free to fill up the vacancy with the imagery most congental to it-self; sublime and elevated if it be a lofty imagination, low and mean if it be a grovelling one. Religion is the product of the craving to know whether these imaginative conceptions have qualities in them answering to some other world than ours. The mind, in this state, eagerly catches at any rumors respecting other worlds, especially when delivered by persons whom it deems wiser than itself. In this posture, it demands prophets, and presupposes in them a supernatural wisdom and power of revelation."-John Stuart Mill, "Essays on Religion."

"The earth is a great lottery wheel, which at every revolution on its axis receives fifty thousand raw souls and off nearly the same number, worked up more or less completely. There must be a population somewhere of two hundred thousand millions, perhaps ten or a hundred times as many, earthly-born intelligences. Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence, where we come on everydings. In this view I do not use any. There must be a population somewhere of thing so fit to talk about or half so insoundings. In this view I do not see anyteresting as that which relates to the in-"The Professor."

ers of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain do Keeping us awake at midnight with your wired, uncanny tune.

Oh, you yapping little lapdogs who delight to bite and man.

Do you think when you are buried that we'll care a single rap?

We will gray in the future when not one of the care of membered in the known account of time?

The greater part must be content to account of time?

We will gray in the future when not one of the known account of time?

The greater part must be content to account of time?

We will gray in the future when not one of the known account of time?

The greater part must be content to account of time?

We will gray in the future when not one of the known account of time?

The greater part must be content to account the content to account the country The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. The number of dead the found in the record of man the number of dead that this lever lord of Death, long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and For we'll leave the all-night concerts to the wild and hooting owls.

What a strange and peaceful city we will have when you're no more.

How we'll wonder at the bediam we endured in days of yore!

Yet, hold on, we didn't mean it, no we wouldn't see you drowned.

And we'll gailly give three dollars tue! In the strange and therefore.

And we'll gailly give three dollars tue! In the strange and therefore.

And the strange and peaceful city we will since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our long-thus to live with mutely warning sign its black hand to the hour of nine. have when you're no more,
How we'll wonder at the bediam we endured
in days of yore!

Yet, hold on, we didn't mean it, no we
wouldn't see you drowned.

And we'll gindly give three dollars just to
have a dog around.

The Chief Attraction.

Now doth the merry seaside maid,
Down by the raging main,
Find that her greatest pleasure is
To go and meet the train.

The Noblest Game.

There's a limited enchantment,
In the stalking of the deer,
There's a legent mide down the destrict of the deer,
There's a thrilling, chilling feeling,
When we hear the warning cry,
In the low swamps of the jungle, than be lost in the uncomfortable night Within our beds awhile we heard, of nothing, were content to receds into the common being, and make one par-ticle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again."

feeble tenant? Or is he the offspring of And lapsing waves on quiet shores. an all-creating power that adapted him to Nature and Nature to him, formed, together with the magnificent scene of things around him, to enjoy its blessings and to adore the wisdom and good-ness from which they flow? Is it only for an existence of a few moments in this passing scene that he has formed us? Or is there something within us over which death has no power—something that pro-longs and identifies the consciousness of all that we have done on earth? When compared with these questions, even the

## WASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE

XXVIL Passages From Whittier's "Snow Boun -Perhaps the Greatest American Poet

Rose cheeriess over hills of gray, And, darkly circled, gave at nece A sadder light than waning moon, Now tracing down the thickening sky A portent seeming less than threat, It sank from sight before it set.

A portent seeming less than threat it sank from sight before it set. A chill no coat, however stout. Of Someogens staff could quite shut out, (A hard, dall bitterness of coid. That checked, mid-wein, the streing race of Hir-blood in the sharpened face.) The coming of the snow-storm told. The wind blew east, we heard the rear of Ocean on his winny shore, And feit the strong pulse throbbing these Beat with low rhythm our inland sir. Meanwhile we did our nightly "diores."—Brought in the wood from out of downs. Littered the stalls, and from the mower Raked down the herd's grazs for the course Hoard the horse whinnying for his cora; And, sharpy chabing horn on horn, impatient down the stanchion rowes The cattle shake their walnut hower While, perving from his early peach Upon the scanfold's pole of birch. The cock his crested believe best and down his quarulous challenge sent.

Unwarned by any susset light The gray day darkened into night. A night made heary with the swa And whiri-dance of the bill And whird-dance of the blinding storm, As signag wavering to and fro Crossed and recreased the winged snown And ere the early bed-time came. The white drift piled the window-frame, And through the glass the clothes-line pe Looked in like tall and abseted ghosts, so all night long the storm roured one The morning broks without a serv. The morning broks without a sun; In they spherule traced with lines. Of Nature's geometric signs, In starry fishe, and pellids,
All day the heary meteor fall;
And, when the second morning shome,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On mothing we could call our own, nd the glistening wonder bens No cloud above, no earth below. A universe of sky and snow! The old familiar sights of ours

towers

Rose up where sty or corn-orth stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile shows
A frenchess drift what conce was read;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-dung cost and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese reof;
And even the long sweep, high alcot,
in its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pica's leaning miracle.

Shot in from all the world without, We sat the clean-winged bearth about, Content to let the north-wind roar In baffled rage at pane and door, In battled rage at pame and door, While the red logs before us bent. The frost-line back with tropic heats and swer, when a louder blast. Shook beam and rufter as it passed. The merrier up its rearing draught. The great throat of the chimney lang. The house dog on his paws outspread. Laid to the dra his drower lead. Laid to the fire his drower head, The cat's dark silhouette on the wall

What matter how the north-wind raved?

tures, the dead-living, and with whom we potentially beiong, though we have got tangled for the present in some particles of fibrine, albumen and phosphates, that keep us on the minority side of the house."—Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Professor."

What matter how the north-wind rawed? Blow high, blow low, not all its snow Could quanch our hearth-fire's ruddy glow. O Time and Changes—with hair as gray As was my sire's that Winter day, How strange it seems, with so much gens of iller and love, to still live out As, brotherl only I and thou Are left of all that circle now,—The dear home faces whereupon That durin firelight galed and shome. Hemoeforward, listen as we will, The voices of that hearth are will; "The iniquity of oblivion scattereth her poppy, and dealeth with the memory of man without distinction to the merit of perpetuity. Who can but plty the found-was the paths their exchand-trees, we set beneath their exchand-trees, we set beneath their exchand-trees, we have like them the hum of been Those lighted faces smile no more.

We trend the paths their feet have worm,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the binded ourn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'en,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no size is made. No voice is heard, no sign is made, No step is on the conscious floor Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust ce He who knows our need is just,) Acress the mournful marbles play! Who hath not learned, in hours of faith, The truth to fiesh and sense unknows

The wind that round the gables roared. With now and then a ruder shock. the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again."—Sir Thomas Browne, "Urn Burial."

"Is man, whose frail generations begin and pass away, but one of the links of an infinite chain of beings like himself, uncaused and coeternal with that self-existing world of which he is the feeble tenant? Or is he the offspring of And layesing waves on quiet shores.

. . . . Clasp, Angel of the backward look And folded wings of sohen gray And folded wings or some gray
And voice of echoer far away.
The brunen covers of thy book:
The welrd palimpeest old and west,
Wheren thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woo;
The measurable of outlived years. The monographs of outlived years, Or smile-illumed or dim with tears, lowing the missionary routes to open up lucrative trade. The flag of commerce always follows close behind the banner of the cross, and he who would cheek the progress of the bearer of that banner necessarily injures the interests of the flag of commerce.

The Voracity of the Earth.

Boston Globe.

Some 400 miles southeast of the old city of Kashgar, far out in the yellow desolation of the Desert of Gobt, the great end of the carpo of the long dunes. It was the wooden on of the long dunes. It was the wooden roof of a house. Further investigation at howed that it was but one of thousands. A teeming city of highly civilized Aryans, had long existed on this spot until the earth had thred of it and wiped it out.

School Masters Who Travel.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two taveling sovernment, who visit the different samiles over the case may be, at one house alone.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two taveling schoolmasters are provided to the grown in the smoothman with the different samiles where there are children and give and the wood first and wiped it out.

School masters who Travel.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two taveling schoolmasters are provided to the grown of the case may be, at one house alone.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two taveling schoolmasters are provided to the grown of the suited to the suitchal engage.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two taveling in the provided to the grown of the grown of the provided to the grown of the provided to the grown of the grown of the provided to the grown of the provided Green hills of life that stope to death